Which who ſhall croſſe along to goe,
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida her nurſe ſhe takes,
And ſo to Sea; then veſſell ſhakes,
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the flood,
Hath their Keele cut: but fortune moou'd
Varies againe, the griſlee North
Diſgorges ſuch a tempeſt forth,
That as a Ducke for life that diues,
So vp and downe the poore Ship driues:
The Ladie ſhreekes, and well-a-neare,
Do's fall in trauaile with her feare:
And what enſues in this ſelfe ſtorme,
Shall for it ſelfe, if ſelfe performe:
I nill relate, action may
Conueniently the reſt conuay;
Which might not? what by me is told,
In your imagination hold:
This Stage, the Ship, vpon whoſe Decke,
The Seas toſt *Pericles* appeares to ſpeake.

Enter Pericles a Shipboord.

Pe. The God of his great Vaſt, rebuke theſe ſurges,
Which waſh both heauen and hell, and thou that haſt
Vpon the windes commaund, bind them in Braſſe;
Hauing call'd them from the deepe, O ſtill
Thy deafning dreadfull thunders, dayly quench
Thy nimble ſulpherous flaſhes: O how *Lychorida*!
How does my Queene? then ſtorme venomouſly,
Wilt thou ſpeat all thy ſelfe? the Seamans Whiſtle
Is a whiſper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lychoria*? *Lucina*, oh!
Diuineſt patrioneſſe, and my wife gentle
To thoſe tha crie by night, conuey thy deitie
Aboard our dauncing Boat, make ſwift the pangues
Of my Queenes trauailes? Now *Lychorida*.

Enter

Enter Lychorida.

Lychor. Heere is a thing too young for ſuch a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to doe:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.
Peri. How? how *Lychorida*?
Lycho. Patience (good ſir) do not aſſiſt the ſtorme,
Heer's all that is left liuing of your Queene;
A litle Daughter: for the ſake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.
Per. O you Gods!
Why do you make vs loue your goodly gifts,
And ſnatch them ſtraight away? we heere below,
Recall not what we giue, and therein may
Vſe honour with you.
Lycho. Patience (good ſir) euen for this charge.
Per. Now mylde may be thy life,
For a more bluſterous birth had neuer Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions; for
Thou art the rudelyeſt welcome to this world,
That euer was Princes Child: happy what followes,
Thou haſt as chiding a nativitie,
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heauen can make,
To harould thee from the wombe:
Euen at the firſt, thy loſſe is more then can
Euen at the firſt, thy loſſe is more then can
Thy portage quit, with all thou canſt find heere:
Now the good Gods throw their beſt eyes vpon't.

Enter two Saylers.

1. *Sayl.* What courage ſir? God ſaue you.
Per. Courage enough, I do not feare the flaw,
It hath done to me the worſt: yet for the loue
Of this poore Infant, this freſh new ſea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.
1. *Sayl.* Slake the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou?
Blow and ſplit thy ſelfe.
2. *Siyl.* But Sea-roome, and the brine and cloudy billow
Kiſſe the Moone, I care not.

 1. *Sayl.* Sir